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in case of non-delivery of the daily,
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plication.



All is again pacific on the Pacific.

It is now up to some San Francisco
detective story writer to put forth
"The Case of Glass."

The El Paso Herald believes in cre-
mation. Most strenuous editors believe
only in roasting or flaying.

The hot weather bugaboo, "summer
dullness," has not struck Globe yet
and the summer half over.

A large number of Texas saloons ig-
nored the ten-day closing law. It seems
preposterous that a Texan should go ten
days without lickerin' up.

Pat Cathoun, the indicted president
of the United Railroad of San Fran-
cisco, is now charged with being be-
hind the Times-of Los Angeles.

We hope that the report that San
Francisco's mayor writes poetry is not
true. But if it is, it is probably the
only thing that can be said against him.

The way that the Koreans have been
putting it over Japanese residents of
that city makes it appear that the peo-
ple of the Hermit Kingdom have been
reading the San Francisco papers.

An El Paso paper reports that after
a rainstorm in that city a few days ago
live fish were found in the streets,
which had evidently been brought down
in the rain. Newspaper men in Texas
must have laid in a store of bug-juice
before the saloons closed.

The preliminaries toward the organi-
zation of Globe's Chamber of Commerce
are progressing nicely. Globe will have
one of the liveliest organized bunch of
boosters in the southwest when the or-
ganization is perfected.

Some yellow freak journalist has suc-
ceeded in having published in a New
York paper a story to the effect that
forty thousand Japanese war veterans
are massed on the Mexican frontier
ready to attack Texas and Arizona. If
there were any truth in the story we
would advise the warlike Japs to get
the old Mexican opinion of the qualities
of the Texas fighters, which was that
Mexico could lick the United States if
it wouldn't be for the "Tehannas."

TEXAS' WAR ON TRUSTS

When it comes to waging war on
trusts, commend us to the sovereign
state of Texas, says the Washington
Herald. All other trust busters must
take a back seat by comparison with
the legislators of that puissant common-
wealth. Even the much heralded Purly
scheme for putting the bad trusts into
the hands of receivers was anticipated
by Texas statemen, for an anti-trust
act now in effect in that state author-
izes the court to appoint a receiver for
a corporation whenever the interest of
the state may seem to require such ac-
tion. The same act gives the state a
lien on the property of all corporations
convicted of violating the anti-trust
laws, and authorizes the issue of writs
of garnishment, sequestration, attach-
ment and injunction.

All trusts look alike to the Texas leg-
islator, and so no distinction is made
between good and bad trusts. There
is no such thing as a good trust, and
anything made by a trust is attainable
and forbidden. No merchant may sell
trust-made goods on pain of imprison-
ment, and no agent of a trust company
may presume to offer his wares for sale
within the bounds of Texas. The sale
of such goods has been made a felony,
punishable by a term of two to ten
years in prison. No known trust will
be permitted to operate in Texas, and
the attorney general is preparing to
bring actions to drive them all out of
the state and to initiate criminal pro-
ceedings against their officers and their
agents.

The practical consequences of this
particularist and destructive policy will
be awaited with interest by observers
of economic legislation. It would seem
to tend to interfere with interstate
commerce, and to place restrictions
upon the normal movements of trade
that may not be at all beneficial to
the people of Texas. To forbid the sale
of innocuous articles simply because

THE HOLD-UP IN GOODWIN WASH

Written for the Silver Belt by
GEORGE H. SMALLEY

[Author's Note—To many Silver Belt
readers this story will not appear whol-
ly as fiction, despite the unfamiliar
names, which are fictitious. While the
operations of "Dr. Rose" are familiar
to many Arizonans, as well as thousands
throughout the east where he cast his
bait for "suckers," the story of his
carefully planned hold-up in order to
secure the stock held by the "suckers"
he brought to Arizona for an inspection
of his "mine" is known to but few.
The expose of the doctor, his flight into
Mexico, his subsequent appearance in
this country, his rearrest and second
flight to parts unknown, are known to
the reading public of the continent. As
to the other characters, Red Wilkins
has since crossed the divide, assisted by
the bullet of a New Mexican officer,
for cattle rustling, and Hank Ferret is
a well known Gila county mine oper-
ator.]

"Th' devil 's sure lurk'n 'bout here
some'eres, an' hell can't be fur off,"
was the characteristic manner in which
Red Wilkins sized up the wilderness of
the Santa Teresa mountains as we rode
the trail of Goodwin wash, gazing in
wonder at the strange scenes which at
every turn of the trail seemed to open
wider and darker to receive us. The
setting of mountain and canyon in the
background, the formidable spires and
spurs of the foothills with their grue-
some, gaping, distorted apertures, pre-
sented an ominous environment.

"Look a' that horn-toad—did yu ever
see a head more like th' devil's? An'
li'n how th' killdeer, th' little bird
with th' black ring of mournin' 'round
its neck, cries when th' sun sinks be-
hin' th' hills; don't it sort o' make
yu feel like somethin' 's goin' to slide
up behin' yu sudden? An' ther Gila
monsters—they's sure Ol' Nick's pets,
fur thay say that a monster hisses juss
like him, an' it's as full o' p'isen if a
feller is unlucky enough to be close
in. I reckon if a feller lived here long
he'd sure grow horns," concluded Wil-
kins, shifting to one side of the sad-
dle in the uneasy manner of the cow-
puncher who has been riding rough
trails for many hours.

Goodwin wash, in its circuitous course
towards the mountains, narrows as it
enters the foothills, and comes to an
abrupt end by a projection of the
mountain range thrown across its path.
Black Rock, a name the cowpunchers
have given to the projection which de-
fies the wash from further progress into
the mountains, is a mass of sandstone,
of unshapely spires and ominous cav-
ities, as naked as though it has just
forced its way through the earth's
crust. For several miles down the trail
one can distinguish the outline of a
human head, clearly carved in the great
rock; but as the rider approaches the
head loses its cast, the features so
plainly marked by distance disappear,
the nose and chin are absorbed by a
single spire, and when the rock is
reached no trace remains of the strange
inhabitant.

"Better shed your boss, pard," ex-
claimed Wilkins, when he reached this
uninviting place. "Th' rest o' the out-
fit will be sittin' in soon with wrinkles
in their stomachs from hunger an' it
'ud be a good plan to have some grub
ready."

Why we came to such a place in the
mountains neither of us exactly knew;
but a puncher the day before came into
our horse camp at Apache Springs,
where we were herding horses used by
the cowpunchers in the round-up, and
informed us that the boss of the Half
Circle outfit wanted us to meet him and
some of the boys at the head of the
wash. We had often been ordered to go
to different parts of the mountains with
no definite knowledge of what our work
was to be there.

As darkness came on and Black Rock
became only a black, unsightly shadow
above us, we could hear the brush
cracking far down the wash, and muf-
fled sounds told us that the rest of the
outfit was coming. Black Rock, illu-
minated by our camp fire, threw a reflec-
tion of light down the wash, and, guided
by the glare, the punchers left the trail
and came straight toward the camp,
riding hard and awakening the echoes
of the canyons with their piercing
cat-cries.

"If the devil 's in these hills to-
night," said Wilkins, as the cowboys
came tearing down the mesquite and
sagebrush, "he won't get much sleep."
He had scarcely finished speaking
when the punchers charged into the
camp, firing their six-shooters and
dancing their horses about wildly.

"Light any place, boys; the groun'
is sof' mos' anywhere yu hit it,"
yelled Wilkins, as the punchers rode
about looking for good places to roll
down their blankets.
Hank Ferret, the boss of the outfit—
a tall, squarely built man, with piercing
blue eyes—swung into the light of
the camp fire. Two six-shooters hung
from holsters in his belt, and every

produced by a trust would seem to be
a gigantic undertaking by the side of
that of preventing the sale of liquor,
which last has been found to be well
nigh impossible. We should think that
after a few months' effort to stop the
sale of thread, sugar, tobacco and like
articles of universal use the whole state
would be given over to the lying, inva-
sion, perjury and petty prosecutions
which have characterized the attempts
to enforce prohibition in other common-
wealths.

It is a curious commentary on the
force and efficacy of so-called Demo-
cratic principles that important tenets
of the old faith should be violated by
professed members of the party in a
doctrinaire attempt to control by arbi-
trary legislation the course of trade,
and to dictate to the citizen what he
shall buy and with whom he shall deal.
There will have to be some new defining
of Democracy to take in the theory that
the state may make it a felony to buy
what you want, from whom you please,
and wherever you like.

man in the outfit was equipped in a
like manner. It was not unusual to see
a cowpuncher with a "gun" in his belt
or tucked in his trousers band, but two
"guns" in the possession of each man
aroused our curiosity.

"You needn't look so cur'os," ex-
claimed the boss, mysteriously. "The
round-up in the mornin' will be lively
enuf fur a gat in each han', and the
handles I reckon will get mighty hot
 afore we're through. Bank the coals of
the fire tonight, Red, fur we're goin'
to be out early tomorrow."

"From th' guns and ammunition
yu'r packing, looks like yu'r goin' to
drive all th' Apaches fram th' reser-
vation, or shoot up th' Espenooza
camp, one," said Red, as he watched
the punchers remove their belts.

No further information was advanced
by the boss as to the work planned for
the next day. Two men with a train
of burros packed with copper ore came
into our camp as we were seated about
the fire eating our rough meal. From
them we learned that they were en-
gaged in packing ore from a copper
mine on the other side of the moun-
tain. They were taking the ore to a
mining camp a few miles distant, they
informed us, where the ore was placed
on the dumps at the different points
where work was being done. Several
sacks of the same ore, they said, was
delivered to the railway station, from
which point it was shipped to New
York to the company.

"We get all it's worth, and ask no
questions," one of the men informed us
in reply to questions regarding their
operations.

Red Wilkins selected a number of
chunks of ore from the great rawhide
buckets, and, examining them critical-
ly, said:

"Them's sure handsome bricks, pard,
but I reckon they'll come mighty high
fur th' tenderfoot what gets salted
with 'em, if that's th' use yu'r makin'
of this ore. I've seen 'em move a
minin' claim afore ther was any work
done, but to pick up and move a whole
mine is sure a new idee."

"There's no virtue in working if
a man has brains," suggested Hank
Ferret. "Long-distance minin' is an
art juss' like usin' a running iron is, and
th' earth is full of tenderfoot tracks
toeing fur easy money."

The punchers were too tired to dis-
cuss any matter seriously, and an hour
after the outfit and visitors had fin-
ished supper the camp was silent, save
the snoring here and there of some
wornout sleeper.

Attached to the westbound express of
the Southern Pacific that night was a
Pullman filled with a lively party of
eastern people. They were speeding on
towards the setting sun to visit a mine
in Arizona, and each had purchased his
share of stock in it and felt a propri-
etary interest in the discovery. The
party was in charge of Dr. Rose, a
skilful entertainer, and a man regarded
by the members of the party as the
king of mining and a prince of good
fellows. He was a promoter of great
projects, and the Espenooza copper
mine was at present heading the list.
Dr. Rose had organized a company of
\$10,000,000 capital to develop his Ari-
zona mine. Rich copper ore was ex-
hibited in New York, assays were made
by the skeptical ones, and the ore was
not found wanting in all the wealth the
doctor claimed for it. The fame of
Espenooza spread throughout the east,
and stock was in demand. Over a mil-
lion dollars of stock was sold by Dr.
Rose and his agents.

The wealth of Espenooza was the
chief topic of conversation during the
trip, and when the party reached the
plains of Arizona and saw the moun-
tains in the distance they wondered
that they were not crowded with men
eagerly digging gold and copper from
the rich veins which Dr. Rose said ex-
isted in every mountain range.

Dr. Rose was an ingenious promoter,
and had exercised great care and much
concern in getting together his guests
for the western journey. The party
consisted entirely of persons who had
purchased Espenooza stock. They were
going to see the mine for themselves,
and once they had seen it, Dr. Rose de-
pended upon them to enlist others.

"Espenooza has the mineral," was
the cry of the genial, rotund, red-faced
doctor. "If the Apaches don't bother
us we will take a look at the greatest
mine on earth. It's really a wonder.
Not to mention the copper deposits,
we have ten square miles of placer gold
ground which will yield from \$3 to \$6
a square yard, and my experts have
figured that the ground we have located
will require 20,000 years to work out,
the miners working day and night
shifts, holidays included. Is it strange
that we have but a limited number of
shares of stock for sale?"

The great San Simon plains spread
out to the mountains, barren and life-
less; but for bunches of amole and
greasewood here and there the desert
claimed it completely. The most thrill-
ing story related by the doctor during
the westward journey easily found pro-
per setting here in the waste of plains
and low hills through which the train
sped. The only sign of life the travel-
ers met with during the first hour of
the journey from Bowie was a lonely
Indian, jogging along in the distance,
his pony resembling a tired fox in the
measured, mechanical trot. From this
spectacle of nature's wastefulness the
train soon reached the irrigated por-
tion of the fertile Gila valley, where
great fields of alfalfa embraced the
desert, presenting a contrast restful to
the eye.

"There," exclaimed Dr. Rose, point-
ing to a mountain peak in the distance,
"that's Old Turnbull standing guard
over Espenooza. It was that old moun-
tain that guided my Columbus into this
country, and but for its existence Es-
penooza would probably never have
been discovered."

The journey in the private car was
completed at Geronimo, a typical camp
productive of the frontier. The doctor
and his party were welcomed by the
superintendent of Espenooza, and the
cosmopolitan population of the little
camp.

Sid Perkins, the first peace officer of

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dress L., general delivery. tf

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in Globe. Call at the this office. tf

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GOOD PIANO for sale or rent. Address
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FOR RENT—Nicely furnished room
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the camp to enforce the territorial law
requiring cowboys to remove their
"guns" after sojourning in the camp
a half hour, and the scared and
patched hero of more than one encoun-
ter in the Dead Dog saloon, swaggered
forward, swinging his big sombrero at
his side, and with his free hand out-
stretched to receive the gloved hand of
the doctor.

"I'm sure tickled to see you, Doc,
an' mighty glad yu brought yer fam-
ily with you," exclaimed Perkins. "I've
always stated, in public as well as pri-
vately, that no man with feelin' and
cultur could be satisfied to quit Ari-
zona fur good once he'd set his tracks
onter her sun-kissed sands."

As Perkins delivered his address of
welcome the visitors noticed that he
wore a well-laden belt and carried a
six-shooter in the holster which swung
at his right hip. There was a forced,
extraneous expression of kindness in
his grizzled features, and the big-booted
peace officer had never been known to
be so cordial in his greeting of stran-
gers. The cowpunchers who happened in
camp that morning wondered what had
come over him.

Three Concord stage coaches, battered
by rough mountain roads and marked
here and there by evidence of encoun-
ters with Apaches in the days before
the railroad came, were pressed into
service to take the visitors to Espen-
ooza mine in the mountains. Each
coach was pulled by four horses and
typical drivers of the old days, booted,
belted and provided with ammunition
and six-shooters, mounted the seats.

"Mr. Perkins," said the genial doc-
tor as the big peace officer assisted in
helping the last member of the party
into the coach, "yu'r a credit to your
town and the territory—yu'r a brick,
a—"

But the doctor did not have time to
finish his speech, for the driver at that
moment swung the whiplashes over the
heads of the ring-leaders with a crack
which set them to prancing, and with
a bound of the wheel-horses the great
coach started off down the road lead-
ing the way over the rising mesa to-
wards the mountains.

"That's correct, Sid," exclaimed one
of the cowpunchers that followed the
peace officer into the Dead Dog saloon
after the coaches had disappeared in the
folds of the mesa road, "yu'r a brick,
but not that a kind yer friend" th' Doc
deals in."

The morning star, that time-piece
which the cowpunchers always look to,
was beaming in the eastern sky close
to the horizon when Red Wilkins
awoke. Jumping into his big boots,
swiftly tying a kerchief about his neck
and pressing his hair back from the
forehead, completed his morning toilet,
and Red was soon stirring the ashes and
laying bare the coals of the camp fire
of the night before. The flames sprang
up, fed by dry twigs and fanned by
the morning breeze which came down
the canyon.

"Saddle up, boys, and be ready to
start when we get a bite to eat," were
Ferret's orders as the men rolled out
of their blankets. "We're sure out
for a picnic today, an' if there's any
fellers here what don't want to take a
hard let 'em speak out now right
a-here," continued the boss, his pierc-
ing eyes searching Red and myself as
though we might be the only members
of the outfit unwilling to go out upon
the mysterious round-up.

"There's no white feathers in my
crop," responded Red, "if it's a fair
game."

I did not understand what the boss
really meant, but nodded assent to
Red's declaration. The punchers seem-
ed unusually happy, for adventure to
them, no matter how dangerous, meant
a holiday and excitement—and with-
out the element of excitement in a
cowboy's life he would be swallowed
up by the plains.

There had been trouble with the

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enne, agent, Springfield, Mo. 241

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LOST—Gold watch with leather fob and
Eagle charm, on road to Wheatfields.
Return to this office and receive re-
ward.

LOST—On road between Mitchell smel-
ter and Globe, one gray coat. Finder
return to this office and receive re-
ward.

shepherders, and it occurred to me
that a raid and stampede of some
sheep camp had been arranged. Red
evidently believed as I did about the
mission of the outfit, for as he swung
into his saddle he exclaimed, as though
explaining to his horse the reason for
such an early start: "Ol' Mullen's
sheep must be gettin' too thick on th'
range to suit th' boss."

Hank took the lead in the trail which
led down the canyon towards the foot-
hills and mesa. About ten miles from
our camp the boss reined off to the left,
leaving the trail and spurring his horse
up the sloping banks of the bench
land, the men following quietly. We
had not gone far upon the mesa when
the boss stopped and alighted, which
was obeyed instantly by every man in
the outfit.

"I reckon this is good ground for a
picnic," said the boss; "what do you
fellers say?"

The boys were glad to get off and
rest after the early morning ride.
Stretched out on the ground, Hank
gazed intently in the direction of the
Gila valley, and seemed very much in-
terested in a tiny spot of dust which
could be seen miles away creeping along
the mesa.

"That's them," exclaimed the boss.
"They'r about fifteen miles away and
won't get into the wash for three hours,
fur it's a hard pull up from Geronimo."

"Look a-ye're," shouted Red, jump-
ing to his feet; "do you fellers mean to
go agin' th' law? Ar' you fixin' fur
a hid-up?"

Red knew more about holding up
stage coaches and robbing trains than
any man in the outfit, and was at the
very moment a fugitive, from justice in
Texas, where he held up the Sunset
Express single-handed a few months be-
fore.

His sharp eyes were turned on me
for an instant during the silence which
followed and I realized that Red meant
what he said when he gave it out that
he was done for good with acts of out-
lawry.

"Fard, I don't like to leave you here
but I'm goin' to quit," said Red. "It's
not a fair game."

"Look here, Red," exclaimed Hank,
"do you think I would engage in a real
hid-up? We're just here fur a time
and to surprise that crowd coming yon-
der, and you and yu'r pard and the
rest of this outfit has got a chance now
to make more money in the next few
hours than you could earn in a year
ridin' after cattle. These people want's
coming yonder are tenderfoot in the
country—they'r from the east and are
coming out here in the mountains to
see the Espenooza mine, the biggest
fake that was ever. Old Doc Rose made
it all up with me as I was to get you
fellers and hold up his crowd in Good-
win wash, take all the stock certificates
we find on them and hike out. There's
going to be no shootin'; just a genuine
hid-up to show the tenderfoot what th'
Southwest used to do afore th' cow-
punchers civilized it. Old Doc Rose
will have a few hundred dollars in his
pockets and we will get that and more
too. The Doc is willin' to pay fur the
fun and the eastern tenderfoot will talk
about it th' rest of their lives."

The dust spot on the mesa had spread
and widened, and from our point of
view it seemed that there was a car-
avan of wagons coming.

"But," exclaimed Red, "it will be
a crime juss' th' same in th' eyes of
th' law if we hold up and rob these
people. Th' officers will hunt us out
fur it and we'll have to fight it out or
leave the country, one."

"We ain't robbers or desperadoes;
we're just actors in a wild west per-
formance," continued Ferret. "Doc
and me put it all up when he was here,
an' we've got it fixed for him to let
go his gun when th' stage reaches th'
point o' rocks yonder—then we juss'
natchally climb down from the rocks
where we're cached and pull down on
(Continued on Page Five)

For the Summer Time

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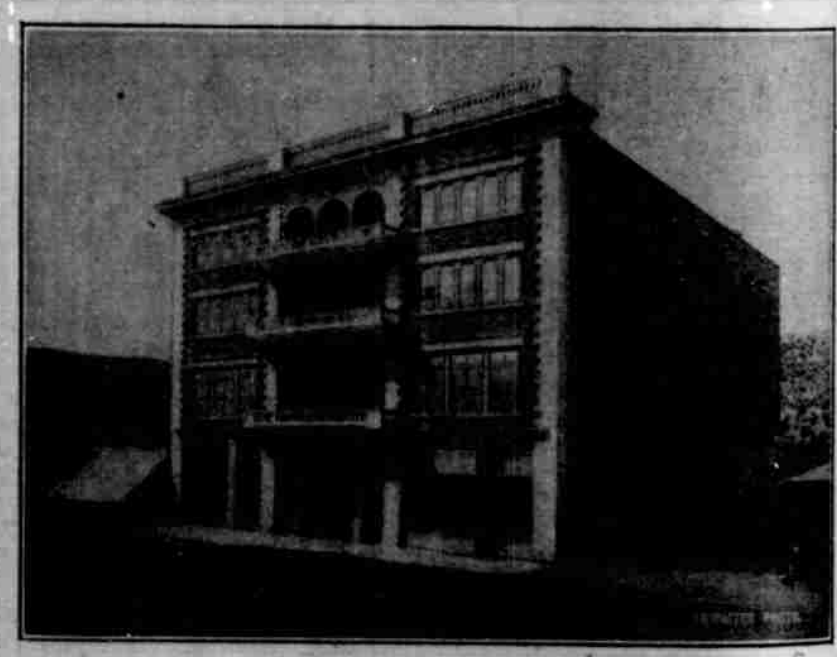
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